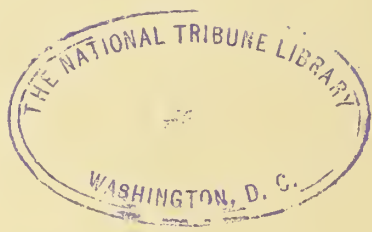


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**THREE YEARS  
AND  
THREE MONTHS  
A SOLDIER**

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# Three Years and Three Months A Soldier

*By*

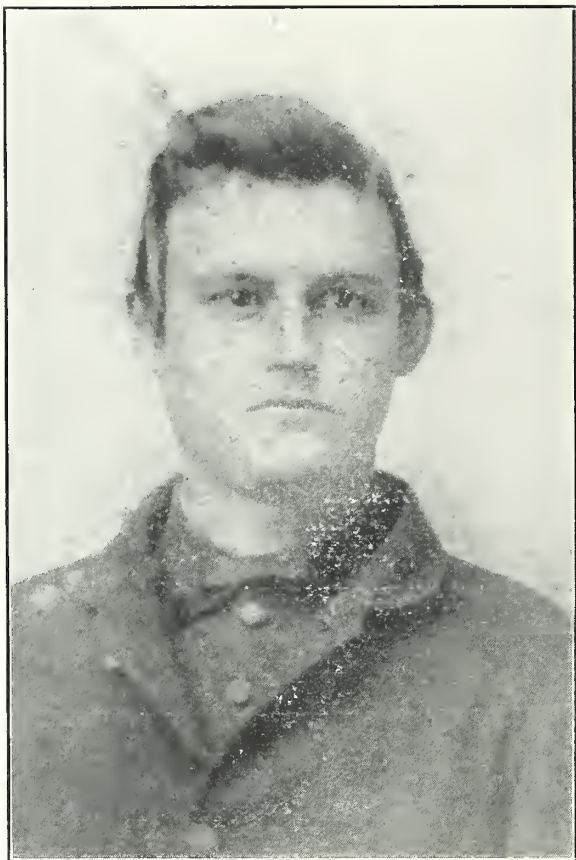
SERGEANT C. H. TODD



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## IN MEMORY

*of my comrades, the Attica Guards,  
and my regiment, the 15th Indiana  
Volunteer Infantry, and my father  
and sister who bore the burden of  
anxiety, sorrow and grief during the  
Civil War of 1861 to 1865, while I  
was doing what I could as a soldier  
in the Union army, three years and  
three months, to save the Union and  
Liberty, this volume is affectionately  
inscribed.*



SERGEANT C. H. TODD  
AT THE AGE OF 21





SERGEANT C. H. TODD  
AT THE AGE OF 70



The shot fired on Fort Sumpter April 12th, 1861, which was heard around the world, and the call of President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men, touched my young heart with such force that it set the fires of love for my country aflame, and on the 22nd I volunteered to go to its defense against all traitors and opposers of liberty and freedom; I joined a company, then being organized by A. A. Rice in Attica, Indiana, which was called The Attica Guards, and on June 14th we were mustered into the Union army for three years, if not sooner discharged—one hundred and one strong, into the 15th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. A civil war had begun. The martial strife was on. The cry arose above the battle's din and roar, "to arms! to arms! the people's freedom and liberty and their flag are assailed by traitors and state's rights men of the South"; and on July 1st Company A, the "Attica Guards", with its regiment, the 15th Indiana, went to Cincinnati, Ohio. On the 2nd the citizens gave us a fine dinner in the Pearl street market house. On the evening of the 5th we crossed the Ohio river into West Virginia near Clarksburg, going then to Buchanan, thence to Middle Fork Bridge, where we arrived July 6th and saw the first dead soldier, he having been killed the day before. I was very much impressed with our serious business. We passed on to Rich Mountain where we arrived in a cold rain on the evening of the 11th when the battle was just closing. The following morning the regiment formed a part of the pursuing force which captured many prisoners and much war material. We camped that night in Tigart Valley, then marched to Huttonsville and camped in Small Valley on the road to Cheat Mountain. We next moved to Camp Elkwater, where we erected fortifications and performed picket and scout duty out to and beyond Point Mountain, some fifteen miles away. On one of these trips one of the men in the rear of Company A fell and his gun was discharged, the ball passing through the leg of our First Sergeant Dennis Bright, which resulted in a stiff ankle that disabled him from field duty. He was a noble, intelligent young man. This happened September 1st.

On the 10th Robert E. Lee, commanding the Rebel forces in western Virginia, came down on our army, located near Cheat Mountain and Camp Elkwater, with a force of over five thousand. During this investment Colonel John A. Washington of Lee's staff and three other men were making a reconnoissance to ascertain our position. Our boys being secreted in the thick brush allowed Washington's party to get very close before they fired. All were hit, Washington falling from his horse with three balls through his body. The others turned to flee and held one man on the horse. Washington was taken to our colonel's tent and died in less than half an hour, only speaking once when he said, "O, my God!" In his pockets were found one hundred dollars in U. S. gold and a splendid gold watch. Lee sent three thousand men to the left and rear of our camps. During the latter part of the night two companies of our boys started with dispatches to our force on Cheat Mountain. The Confederates had dropped down and gone to sleep right in the path on which our boys were going, and had placed no pickets, so our boys got into their very midst before they were discovered. It was so sudden that it caused a panic in the enemy's ranks and the latter fled in wild haste, leaving arms, blankets, haversacks, canteens and provisions. The panic became contagious, and Lee broke camp and retreated back over the mountain to Greenbrier river.

On October 1st our regiment marched to Cheat Mountain in rain, sleet and snow, and so severe was the storm that eighteen head of mules and horses and one man perished during the night and a large number of men were prostrated by sickness.. It was ten o'clock before we could get a fire started because the rain, sleet and snow came down with such great force under a wind that went at a sixty mile gale. Our regiment had no tents or shelter of any kind, only a blanket to a man, to protect us from the blast of the storm and cold. It was the worst storm I was in during the three years and three months of war.

We were on top of the mountain October 3rd, 1861.

At two o'clock A. M. we left our camp for a reconnoissance in front of Camp Barto, the rebel camp on Greenbrier river, ten miles from the summit of Cheat Mountain, where some fifteen thousand rebel troops were in camp under General Jackson and others. General Reynolds was commanding our forces. A brisk action ensued between our Union force of five thousand men and the Rebels. After crossing the river we found both sides of the road strewn with blankets, canteens, haversacks and hats of both armies. Our boys, stripped for the running fight, were sending the Rebels at double quick to their Camp Barto. Turning a point in the road, to the left in a beautiful valley, full one mile wide, we began to step over the dead and wounded of both sides. Our regiment and the 25th Ohio were in reserve line. Our batteries, Daum's, Loomis's and Howe's, passed on and advanced to within five hundred yards of the Rebel camp and forts. The infantry took position to protect our guns; then for over four hours the duel between fifteen cannon on our side and eighteen on the Confederate side shook the earth, and many men and horses were killed and wounded. We got up so close to the Rebels that we heard, when there was the least stop of our guns, heart-rending cries of their wounded in the trenches, which was proof they were getting a plenty. Our loss was thirty killed and one hundred seventy-five wounded, and it doubtless would have been greater, but for some reason the enemy did not cut their fuse properly. The Rebel's loss was over one hundred and fifty killed and nearly four hundred wounded. One man was cut in two with a cannon ball and many were knocked down by shell explosion. The enemy had five cannon disabled; we had one. Altogether I was seriously impressed with the awfulness of war, and was nearer hell than I liked to be. What surprised me was that so few were killed when tons of iron and lead were fired in among so many men. To me it was the most wonderful battle I was in during the war. It was grand beyond description. As General Reynolds had accomplished all he went for, we quietly returned to our camps on Cheat Mountain.

On October 10th we went back to our old camp at Elkwater, and then to Huttonsville. November 19th we started to Louisville, Kentucky, camping at Phillippi the 24th and at Parkersburg the 28th, going by steamboat to Louisville, Kentucky, where we pitched camp November 30th, 1861. On December 10th we marched fifty miles south from Louisville and went into camp December 14th at Camp Wickliff, Ky., where we remained until February 10th, 1862, when we took up our march south, expecting to re-enforce General Grant at Forts Henry and Donaldson, but Grant whipped the Rebels, and we turned east to Nashville, Tenn., where we arrived March 5th and went into camp. We were later ordered to Grant's support near Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., one hundred and thirty-five miles south and west, where we arrived at 6 P. M. April 6th. We crossed the river on the morning of the 7th and went into battle at eight A. M., passing over the dead of the day before and the wounded of the early morning, on out nearly two miles, where we became actively engaged for the remainder of the day. At night in a hard rain we lay down among the dead to sleep, for we had not slept for three nights. On the 8th we followed the fleeing enemy for more than 10 miles, fighting their cavalry all day. We did not return to camp until after dark, and lay down among the dead of both armies. The next two days we buried the dead. The scene beggars description. No pen can describe its awfulness—men with their heads off, bodies mutilated and disemboweled, and in places men lying three-deep as they had fallen after being shot down. That wooded country for over ten miles in length and four miles in width had been fought over, back and forth many times. The dead were scattered all over that large space of land. Many bodies were so swollen that they looked twice their natural size, and many of them burst while we handled them in the burial. I had a detail of eight men—four with stretchers to gather the bodies and four to dig graves and cover the bodies. The bodies were placed side by side in trenches, from ten to fifty in a place. Thus all day hundreds of men were engaged in

that dreadful duty amidst that awful sight. In two different places every horse lay dead in its harness, hitched to cannon or caisson, and I could have walked on dead men's bodies, over thirty yards in extent both to the east and to the west, without stepping on the ground. The men of both armies lay two and three deep in places and the ground was littered with parts of bodies. The scene was so terrible I turned sick almost to fainting. When we crossed the river near one of our field hospitals we noticed two piles of hands, arms and legs that would have more than filled a large wagon bed. On the other side of the river there were at least a thousand men, frightened and bloody, with heads and limbs tied up, begging to cross back over the river. I saw five hundred dead horses lying side by side, ready to be burned, over fifteen hundred having been killed in the battle. There were over 40,000 Union men and 60,000 Confederates engaged on Sunday, the 6th of April, and 70,000 Union men and 55,000 Rebels on April 7th. Thirty thousand Americans were killed and wounded in the three days' fighting!

The battle of Shilo or Pittsburg Landing was one of the most fiercely contested battles of the Civil war. On Sunday our boys were surprised and had to fight a much larger force, and were driven over two miles back to the river. Early in the morning on Monday the 7th, Buell's army having arrived during the night, Grant attacked the enemy, and a terrible army, strong and mighty, was in action. The sight was beyond my powers of description—all parts of that great host, the two armies, serged, charged and rushed at one another, with fixed bayonets, with horses and cannon, in regiments, divisions and corps, moving with steady step, while loading and firing. Then, with deafening yells, both sides would drive in great lines a mile long, until re-enforcements would come and stop for a little while the mighty power. Then the line of Union boys would move forward and drive all before it for over 5 miles in length along the entire line. It was a sight grand, beautiful and terrible, once seen never forgotten, making the heart sick to see the awful suffering of human



beings. Our army was told not to write home and tell of the awful scenes, as that would discourage enlistments. In no history have I ever seen a description of that battle that did it justice.

On April the 12th the advance on Corinth, Mississippi, was commenced under General Halleck. We took Corinth on May 28th, after which we were ordered to Huntsville, Alabama, being in camp there until July 10th. We then went north by way of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Nashville to Louisville, Ky., reaching there September 20th. On October 3rd, 1862, we started after Bragg's forces and on the 8th engaged them in battle at Perrysville, Ky., where we whipped them and drove them south to Murfreesboro, Tenn. Our army next went into camp at Nashville, thirty miles west of the enemy, where we remained until December 26, 1862.

The battle of Perrysville, Ky., fought October 8th, 1862, was a severe contest between a part of Bragg's army and a part of the Union army under D. C. Buell. Our corps, Crittenden's, did not get in line of battle until 4 P. M. to take part in the struggle. Our forces were badly cut up and hard pressed by the enemy, being forced to retreat more than half a mile. We turned the tide of battle instantly as soon as we got to firing, and drove the enemy until dark closed the struggle. We were in fine condition to renew the battle in the morning, but during the night the Confederates retreated, and we went in pursuit of them immediately. The Union loss in killed in this battle was nearly five hundred. Among them were Generals Jackson and Tyrell. There were fourteen hundred and sixty-five wounded and one hundred and seventy missing. The Confederate loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was about the same. During the battle, near dark, there occurred an unusual incident. General Polk (Confederate) believed that some Confederate troops were firing into each other, so rode down to the regiment that was firing upon his troops and asked the Colonel what he meant by shooting into friends and asked him also to cease firing. The Colonel replied, "I am sure they are the enemy. Who are you?" "Enemy?" said General Polk,



"Why, I have just left them myself. Cease firing. Who are you, sir?" "I am colonel of the 27th Indiana." "Cease firing. I will show you who I am, sir." Thus made aware that he was with a Federal regiment and that his only escape was to brazen it out, General Polk shook his fist at the colonel and told him to cease firing. He then cantered down the line, shouting, "Cease firing". As soon as he reached the cover of his own Confederate troops he ordered them to open fire and told them how close he came to being killed or taken prisoner. For weeks after that it was an every day joke among our troops—"Cease firing, cease firing, General Polk is coming! Cease firing!"

As we had learned that Bragg had said this campaign was to be won by marching—not by fighting—our army did not crowd the Confederates, and when the Rebels commenced the fight our forces were scattered and it took several hours to concentrate. During the first of the battle we were out-numbered three to one, and the Rebs came near whipping our boys, but as soon as our corps got busy at them they began to pray for dark to hide them. The fight took place on a piece of open country, oval in shape, in the center of which between the two armies was a depression some two hundred yards wide, which gave a fine view of both of the contesting forces, each side of which now numbered twenty thousand. On the 10th of October, 1862, Bragg's army in Kentucky numbered all-told sixty thousand men and the army of Ohio about the same.

December 25th we broke camp and started to whip Bragg or get whipped. The army moved out on the Nashville and Murfreesboro Pike toward Laverne. Skirmishing commenced with the enemy as soon as the outposts were passed and kept up all day. We went into camp after dark near Laverne. The next three days we advanced and on December 30th we formed in line of battle and drove the enemy to within one mile of Murfreesboro to Stone River. My company (Co. A) was on the skirmish line and just at sundown I received a wound in my right middle finger, which broke the bone, splitting it and making a very painful wound. We

went into camp where we were, on the front line. The next morning with my hand in a sling, I went with the company to do what I could, carrying my gun in my left hand, for as soon as I let my right hand hang down, to say nothing of holding my gun with it, I would turn very sick. On the morning of December 31st, at four o'clock, our whole army corps was in line of battle and there we stood until 6 A. M., when all at once terrific firing commenced on our extreme right, which soon reached the roar of battle of small arms and over fifty cannon. We looked to the right and an appalling sight met our gaze. One-half mile away was a dense cedar thicket, out of which our men, horses, ambulances, wagons and cannon were pouring in retreat, frightened and surprised, and kept up the retreat for two miles, and turned like a gate to the west, which told us that our time would soon come. At that time Breckenridge's division swung around our left and rear, out of the thick woods, and we were moved forward to meet them. We hastily crossed an open cotton field to the bank of Stone river and were ordered to lie down under the fire of two batteries—twelve guns of the enemy, but soon had to face to the side and rear to meet the enemy. A large number in that short hour had been killed and wounded in our brigade, one of whom was Will Hegler. The Rebels continued to close in on us from the front and rear, determined to turn our left, so we charged them with bayonet and a yell and double quick, bringing back more prisoners than we numbered. It was then 11 A. M. and general firing, by the division and the army, was universal until 4 P. M. Then soon after that all became quiet, except some picket firing, and so ended the first day's general engagement.

January 1st both armies reorganized and growled at each other. Only at times there would be a very spirited fight in different places along the line, both by artillery and musketry, both sides holding their own. On January 2nd both sides began to maneuver and had several severe fights. The Rebels shifted a large part of their forces from their left to their right, around behind a thick woods, and about 3:30 P. M. attacked our

left with over thirty thousand men. Our outposts and pickets came rushing in to the main line. Along the west bank of Stone river and in line of battle over two miles long, in three lines in close columns, more than twenty-five thousand men were coming in a turkey trot, but we were ready to receive them. Our chief of artillery, General Mendenhall, gave the signal and seventy cannon, forming a line a half mile long with shot, shell, grape and canister, belched forth a storm of iron and lead, and fifteen thousand rifles in the hands of the best soldiers in the world helped to make another page in history, brilliant with Union men's valor and courage. I was lying on the ground with our company and regiment, supporting and defending our artillery, which fired so rapidly that they sent forth a continuous sheet of flame the whole length of the line. The earth seemed to expand and contract and shake as a leaf; we could feel ourselves rise and fall with the awful power of concussion which continued over forty minutes. The timber in our front, where the Confederates were, was literally mowed down, hundreds of the enemy being killed and wounded by falling limbs and parts of trees. The survivors said that in that short time they lost in killed and wounded twenty-five hundred men besides over one thousand prisoners. It was the grandest and most magnificent sight I saw during my three years' of service; thus ended the great battle of Stone River or Murfreesboro. On January 3rd, Saturday, the enemy left and we took possession of the town with its four thousand wounded Confederate soldiers, and camped there until July; then we took up our march for Tullahoma where the Rebel army was. No set of men could have done more than the 15th Indiana did in holding the key of the battlefield of Stone River, that hazardous point between the river and the railroad. Never did men make more stubborn resistance against an attacking charge than did the 15th Indiana Volunteers. As evidence of their heroism and power, look at their dead and wounded who lay two hundred yards in advance of the line of battle where the attacks of Bragg's best men were made and driven back in three distinct bayonet

charges. The enemy, though numbering three to our one, was hurled back and at the same time we brought back more prisoners than we numbered; only one regiment, unsupported part of the time, to charge a brigade and then a division—an unparalleled feat in the face of an army! We were ordered to hold the key to the battlefield of Stone River and we did it and saved our army from utter retreat and rout, though the toll of blood and life was fearful. Fifty-two of our best lay dead and two hundred wounded; a loss of sixty per cent. Five of my company (Co. A) were among those who gave their all for their country and liberty. The night of December 31st I went to the field hospital to see and do what I could for our wounded boys, and the horrors of the scenes of that night's work are before me now; cries, groans, screams, agony, begging for some one to kill them and put them out of their awful misery, calling for loved ones to see them once more before they died; doctors cutting off legs, arms and hands; blood flowing; men dying. I could never be induced to go to another field hospital. The hospital covered twelve acres of ground. Our regiment with the army left Murfreesboro June 24th, 1863, on what was called the Tullahoma campaign. Our army under Rosencrans numbered some fifty thousand men. We went by way of Manchester and Guy's Gap, which we were to hold while the main part of the army attacked Bragg in front; but twelve hours before we got there Bragg's army passed through the gap and we lost our chance to give him battle. The next morning we heard of the fall of Vicksburg and our great victory in the east over Lee's army, and, say, we did feel good and did some big cheering. We were happy. The army then took up its march to take Chattanooga, which it did September 8th. On the 9th our regiment and brigade crossed the river and took possession of the city. The army of the Cumberland followed, passed us, and camped out south, near Crawfish Springs and along Chickamauga Creek. As our brigade took and entered Chattanooga first, we were ordered to hold it and fortify it, so that was the reason we were not in the battle of Chickamauga on

September 19th and 20th. Our army was defeated, but came back into Chattanooga on the 21st and 22nd, where we were all surrounded by the enemy until November 25th, when we licked them and drove them away. General Gordon Granger, following Sherman's army, went to the aid of our forces in Knoxville. The battle of Chattanooga was fought on the 23rd, 24th and 25th of November, 1863. Its scenery was brilliant beyond description—off to our right was Lookout Mountain rising 2500 feet above the Tennessee River which sweeps by its base; from its summit one can see into seven different states—a scene so grand one is forced to exclaim, "Surely this is the handiwork of our Heavenly Father!" Across the river was Moccasin Point where were our big cannon; and north was Waldron's Ridge whose rocky impassable sides rise one thousand feet for miles eastward where the river closed the only gap to Missionary Ridge. The north end of the ridge—some five hundred feet high—was right up to the river and then extended about three miles to Ross's Gap, nearly due south of Chattanooga, then west and north around to Lookout Mountain, four miles distant, making the Confederate line more than seventeen miles long around the position of the Union army, which was seven miles east and west by nearly six miles north and south. The Rebels had two well entrenched lines of earth works reaching around the entire ridge. On the top of that semi-circle was General Bragg's headquarters, about midway from the river to Rossville Gap. While in the valley below, shut up in Chattanooga, was the army of the Cumberland in the center, General Sherman's army of the Tennessee on our left and General Hooker's eleventh and twelfth corps of the Potomac on the south and west. We were hemmed in, with rations cut off. For over two months we were compelled to live on one-fourth rations. Men stole corn from the mules and horses; bare starvation faced us. General Grant says in his official report, "More than ten thousand horses and mules had starved to death in six weeks' time, before the battle." Our quartermaster killed our cattle to keep them from dying. We had that kind of meat,

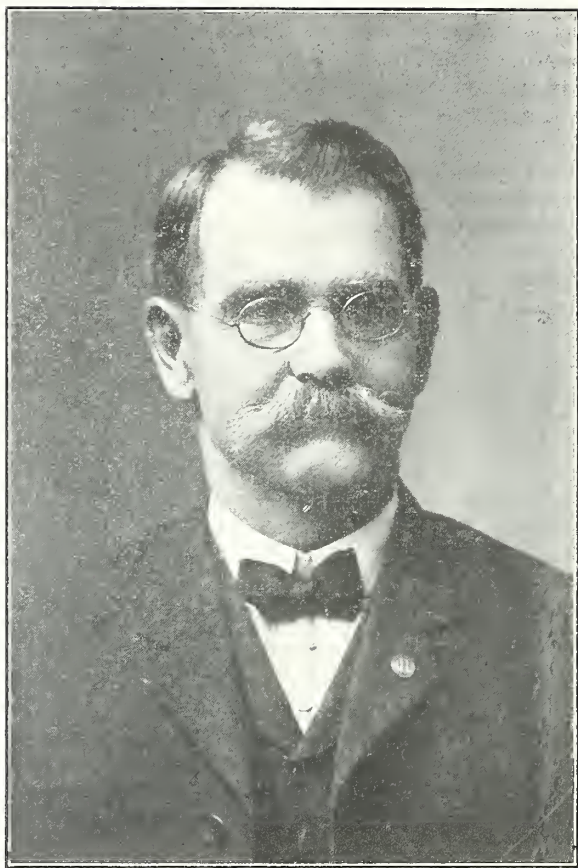
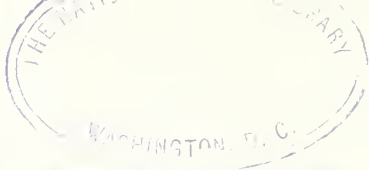
and that even appeared to shrink up in cooking. This is not an overdrawn picture of conditions before the battle of Chattanooga was fought. From Fort Wood, where we were camped, we could see all over that great space of country—the tents and war implements, with flags of both armies, which numbered over one hundred thousand each, ready to grapple in a death struggle for victory. The scene was grand and terrible beyond the ability of man to describe.

At 1 P. M. on November 23rd the guns in Fort Wood signaled the opening of the battle of Chattanooga. Sherman on our left drove and was driven, and that great army of the Tennessee did grand work, and with appalling loss, until night stopped the awful carnage. The morning of November 24th was cloudy and remained so all day. Soon we heard Sherman's guns; he was renewing his attack on our left, and after a short time Hooker, on our right, began on Lookout Mountain to slowly drive the enemy, and about three P. M. captured the entire mountain, and until after dark drove the enemy from its top. Sherman fought and struggled all day with heavy loss, but could not turn the enemy's right wing, and so ended the second day's battle of Chattanooga. Hooker had won a great victory. Our army of the Cumberland, in two days, had driven the enemy over two miles to the foot of the ridge and had thrown up breastworks for protection; on the 24th we were exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery but held our position. While Hooker fought he was, much of the time, above and in the midst of the clouds; the flash of his guns could be plainly seen as if there were thousands of lightning bugs in the mountains, and the darker it grew the plainer it could be seen, making a very rare and beautiful sight. About four o'clock the news was brought to us, "Hooker has taken Lookout Mountain." Then we rejoiced and hollered until we were hoarse. All quieted down by seven o'clock, except the wounded.

The morning of November 25th came out beautiful and bright. The Rebels commenced firing on us with their cannon about seven A. M. All was ready for



whatever was to be done. Our army of the Cumberland, being in the center between Sherman and Hooker, our regiment, brigade and division were in front of Bragg's headquarters, and as it so happened, our regiment went up the ridge right in front of a Rebel battery, two cannon to our right, two to our center and two to our left, and two lines of infantry. Hooker had now at ten A. M. reached Ross's Gap and was pressing the Rebels, but soon he and Sherman met such stubborn resistance that there was a stop until near three o'clock, when the army of the Cumberland was ordered forward to drive out and take the Rebel rifle pits at the foot of the ridge, six hundred yards from the top, which it did in its usual style. We soon found that because of our position being so near to the Rebel's artillery we could not stay there, do nothing and be murdered. We said, "We will go forward." The number being killed in the division showed that it was simply murder to stay there where we could not return the fire and accomplish anything. The men began to say, "Does Grant want to have us murdered?" Soon we all began to hallow, "Forward! Forward!" and in less time than it takes to tell it we started amid shot, shell, grape, canister and musket balls, and above the awful din and noise could be heard, "Forward!" until the army of the Cumberland under that matchless leader, G. H. Thomas, and those fighters, Gordon, Granger, Sheridan and others, broke through the center of Bragg's army and drove them pell mell in retreat—a glorious page in history for the army of the Cumberland. Over thirty cannon were part of our spoils and trophies. The battle of Missionary Ridge will ever be remembered as one of the grandest battles of history, for numbers, scenery and wonderful victory, and I am very proud of my company and the 15th Indiana regiment. Our flag was the first planted on the ridge after it had been shot down six times. Its bearer, George L. Banks, fell first; then others raised it only to be shot down, until it fell six times. Comrade Banks, staggering from loss of blood, raised it last and, being too weak to stand, T. N. Graham took it and placed it on top of the breastworks. In



GEORGE L. BANKS  
AT THE AGE OF 70





## Old Glory



a few moments more than a hundred flags, extending over a mile in distance, were proudly proclaiming victory and thanks to God. I could never describe my feelings at that time, but I did say many times, "Glory to God in the highest," for giving us the victory, for He was more than all that were against us. But, oh, my heart sank within me when I saw so few left of our grand regiment. Over seventy per cent had been killed and wounded—52 killed and 147 wounded. Out of 335 men only 140 assembled after the battle. Our regiment captured 56 Rebels besides those taken by the other part of the brigade.

On the 26th we drove the Confederate army to Chickamauga Creek, ten miles, and in the evening returned to our camp in Chattanooga. On November 28th we left for Knoxville, Tenn., 135 miles distant, to aid our army there which was surrounded by the enemy. We arrived December 5th, one day after the battle. At night the Rebels retreated, as Sherman had formed his men ready to attack in the morning. Near Fort Sanders, where the hardest fighting had been, pools of dry blood and pieces of flesh could be seen all around on the ground as proof of the slaughter of men. We followed the enemy south from Knoxville three miles and went into camp in the woods without tents, where we remained a few days; then we went up to Strawberry Plains, thirty miles east of Knoxville, and to the French Broad river along the Allegheny Mountains, doing scout and reconnoissance duty until February 1st, 1864. We then returned to Knoxville, going from there thirty miles west to Loudon, Tenn., where we camped until February 23rd.

"No man who climbs the ascent of Missionary Ridge by any of the roads that wind along its front can believe that 18,000 men were moved upon its barren and crumbling face, unless it was his fortune to witness the deed. It seems as awful as a visible interposition of God. Neither Generals Grant nor Thomas intended it. Their orders were to carry the rifle pits along the base of the Ridge and cut off their occupants, but when this was accomplished the unaccountable spirit of the

troops bore them bodily up the impracticable steeps, over the bristling rifle-pits on the crest, and sixty cannon enfilading every gulley. The orders to storm appear to have been given simultaneously by Generals Sheridan and Wood, because the men were not to be held back, hopeless as the attempt appeared to military prudence. Besides the Generals caught the inspiration of the men and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities."

General Hooker's fight up the slopes of Lookout Mountain on November 24th was fought above the clouds, from which his musketry was heard and the flash seen, and the larger flash from his cannon was like lightning. "There is on record one parallel to this in the campaign of Napoleon—the battle of the Colde Tarvis which was fought above the clouds in the Cranic Alps on March 22, 1797, the artillery thundering in the laboratory of storms, while the cavalry performed their evolutions on the ice, and the infantry attacking in snow three feet deep."

#### FIELD ORDERS

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,  
November 25, 1863  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Major General Granger,  
Mission Ridge.

Please accept my congratulations on the splendid success of your troops, and convey to them my cordial thanks for the brilliant style in which they carried the enemy's work. Their conduct cannot be too highly appreciated.

George H. Thomas,  
Major General Commanding.

Headquarters Fourth Army Corps,  
Bragg's Headquarters, Mission Ridge, Tenn., Nov.  
26, 1863.

Soldiers of the Fourth Army Corps:—

In announcing this distinguished recognition of your

signal gallantry in carrying through a terrible storm of iron, a mountain crowned with batteries and encircled with rifle pits, I am constrained to express my own admiration of your noble conduct, and I am proud to tell you that the veteran generals from other fields, who witnessed your heroic bearing, place your assault and triumph among the most brilliant achievements of the war. Thirty cannon, more than three thousand prisoners and several battle flags taken from the enemy are among your trophies. Thanks, soldiers! you made that day a glorious page of history.

G. Granger, Major General Commanding.

Headquarters Second Division 4th Army Corps,  
Chattanooga, Tennessee, Nov. 27th, 1863.

General Order  
No. 20.

The General Commanding desires to express to the officers and men of his Division his sincere thanks for their gallant conduct in the battle of the 25th.

The storming of Mission Ridge and the manner in which it was done has not a parallel in this war, nor in history. That bold Ridge, which, for months past, has been occupied and nightly illuminated by the camp fires of an insolent foe, has by your gallantry become a towering monument of your glory to future generations. In exulting over our splendid success we must not forget that it was attended with the loss in killed and wounded of 122 heroic officers and 1176 brave men.

Let us offer to the wounded and to the families of the gallant dead our heartfelt sympathies.

By command of Major General Sheridan.

George Lee, Capt. and A. A. G.

Then we returned to Chattanooga. On that trip we marched over four hundred miles. March 1st our regiment numbered one hundred sixty men and my Company A, sixteen men. I had been in command of the company more than three months. Our captain, B. F. Hegler, was in command of the regiment during that time. We went into our old camp and stayed in Chat-

tanooga until June 23rd, when we were ordered to Indianapolis to be discharged, as our term of enlistment had expired.

Many incidents of the soldier's life are never put in print, nor mentioned, and I will tell a few things that I saw and what I did while in the army, hoping it will interest some who may read this narrative. A few days after we went into camp the Captain ordered me to take a platoon of men and drill them. I told him I did not believe I could do it. He replied, "I will risk you. If you make mistakes that is what all the rest of us do," and I went at it. I certainly did have a thrilling time with that green squad of men, but I wanted to be busy so I tried to do everything I was told to do, and as a result I was promoted until I became First Sergeant of the company, which position I held for nineteen months, often in that time commanding the company in the absence of any commissioned officer.

General Wagoner decided to celebrate our victory at Mission Ridge, and ordered all commanders of companies as well as all commissioned officers of his brigade to report at his headquarters. I went to help celebrate. Speeches, bragging, drinking, whiskey and some dancing were the order of the evening, and fully one-half of the officers got noisy drunk. I must say I did not like such an entertainment.

At another time the officers of the brigade decided they would get all the men to re-enlist for three years more. The colors were brought out and carried up and down the color line and speeches were made. Four hundred dollars and three months' furlough home were offered each man that would re-enlist, but there were very few in the brigade who re-enlisted. The men were happy and the officers were mad. I was offered a captain's commission if I would command a company of colored troops, but I said, "No, thank you. I am not in this war for money or office."

After the battle of Mission Ridge, in conversation with a prisoner, a major we captured told me this, to our credit and praise. "Sergeant, I want to say I never saw anything equal to it. Your soldiers kept coming.

We saw we could not stop you, and I quit telling my men to feed it to you, and by that time you were not more than 15 feet from us. Then you came over those logs with fixed bayonets—not like men, but like giants, thrusting, knocking and shooting. Well, such men can be killed, but never conquered. I am done. I will never fight you again. You are brave men. I know I will be well treated by such men as you.”

Our flag had passed through five battles and ten other engagements in eighteen months of service, and it was torn by shot and shell. Twenty balls had passed through it, as well as two cannon balls, and the staff was splintered. The ladies of Haskell’s Station, Laporte county, hearing of our ragged flag, presented us with a new one, with Stone River printed on it in large capital letters. It was given us as a token and in appreciation of our noble conduct in defending and carrying to victory in every engagement we had been in. They said in their letter to us that there was no need to say to the gallant 15th Indiana, “Defend that flag.” They said that what we had done in the past was proof of what we would do in the future with this flag. And “God bless the ladies of Indiana, and especially of Laporte county” was the unanimous shout of every man of that grand regiment. Our dear old flag, which we had carried for more than eighteen months to victory, in summer’s heat and winter’s cold and storms, through mud, dust, day and night, in sickness, wounds and death, we sent to our good governor, O. P. Morton, for safe keeping. Up to that time, February, 1863, the regiment had lost over five hundred men, fifty-five having been killed in battle, two hundred fifty wounded and over one hundred sick in hospitals, but, full of fight and love of country, we carried our new flag to greater victories.

I will now relate an incident that occurred while the battle of Bethesta Church was being fought. This was told by my old soldier friend, Levi Coffman, once surveyor of Fountain county. At the time of this incident he was civil engineer on Gen. B. staff. “The Rebel battery in front of our division was giving no serious

trouble. The general told me to go forward to a certain hill in front and get its height. I saluted and started. The general, with tears in his eyes, wished me success and a safe return. I reached the hill, got my instruments, and sent my orderly back some distance behind a hill with the horses. I went to work, and the Rebels got very busy I thought, for their bullets, grape and canister seemed to me thicker than bees on a hot day in a clover field. My instruments were knocked out of my hand, my clothes were torn, and I expected to be killed every second. When I was in agonizing dread I, all at once, felt that my dear old mother was praying for me, thinking of me and pleading for me. With that thought and strange feeling, I went at my job faster and soon performed what was required. I then ran behind the hill, mounted my horse and got away, but not before both my orderly and I and our horses had been slightly wounded. On meeting the General I saluted and gave him my report, the orderly taking the papers to the captain of the artillery, who had the charge sounded. The battery went on the run, took position and in less than one hour that Rebel battery was destroyed. Our infantry went forward and drove the enemy pell mell in a hurry. I wrote to mother and asked her where she was at that time of day and if she had been thinking of me. To my joy, she said, 'As usual I had been thinking of you, and felt you were in great danger. I went to God in prayer, asking Him to protect you and save you from harm and death.' And at the same hour I didn't expect to live a minute. I tell you, friend Todd that was a wonderful evidence of the power of prayer, and I have been a greater believer in religion and the protecting power of God ever since."

There was a man in our company—J. J. Boord. He and I were neighbor boys. We were near Cheat Mountain in West Virginia. It was on the 24th of July, 1861, just after our awful defeat of Bull Run battle, when he told me he wanted to talk to me and burst out crying. His body shaking with agony, he told me that he felt discouraged, that he was sure this war would



last longer than three years, that his lady love had been killed by a horse, and that he never could endure such hardships as these. For two hours I tried to comfort him, but left him crying. The next morning he was not at roll call. I told the captain what Boord had told me the evening before, and I was very uneasy about him. At nine o'clock a searching party was sent out to find him, and they were successful, finding him between three and four P. M. on the next day in the thick laurel bushes on the side of a mountain one-fourth mile from camp. I was soon at his side. He had knelt down between two stumps, placed a revolver in his mouth and discharged it. With the revolver gripped in his hand and in kneeling position we found his body. It was a sad scene. We buried him where he fell on the side of the mountain and notified his relatives.

S. T. Morris of my company declared he would be killed in the first battle in which he took part. I plainly heard the ball which killed him strike his breast. Carlton D. Crane of our company also told me he would not get out of the battle of Mission Ridge alive, and he was killed while carrying the flag. He asked me before we went into the charge to tell his mother that he tried to do his duty, and that he only regretted he did not have two lives to give instead of one. A Confederate friend of mine told me that there was a man in his company who declared that his brains would be knocked out as sure as he went out on picket duty at a certain time. In less than two hours he was brought back to camp dead, his brains having been knocked out by a piece of a shell fired from one of the Yankee guns.

Visions in dreams are almost as mysterious as premonitions. April 2nd to 5th I had some three or four dreams which at the time were startling, wonderful and mysterious—different from anything I had ever seen in all my life. In my sleep I saw vast throngs of men, horses, two-wheeled wagons and flags. The sky was partly red and smoky. The clouds above seemed to be natural except for patches of red like blood. Everything was agitated and all the things on the ground—

men, horses and wagons— were going in one great struggle, with all speed, forming, concentrating, separating and closing together. Some of the men looked very white, while some were very red. Some were falling, some were lying on the ground while other men and horses, with flags, were running over them. Flags could be seen in all that vast mix-up. Men were waving them. Some men were carrying others off. The scenes were so wonderful and different from anything I had ever read of or imagined that I awoke in amazement and wonder of the scene. What was it? I could not solve its mystery and it soon passed from my mind, but when Fort Sumpter was fired on the 12th of April following it came to my mind again. I then thought that there was going to be war and probably that was what my dreams indicated. Again it went from my mind until I had seen the same in actual war in the battle of Shiloh, Tenn.,—so plain they came to mind. This is exactly what I had seen in my vision. Mystery! Mystery! Vision of what is to be.

The exposure and hardships of the soldier and his suffering on the march in bivouac and on picket is never understood or comprehended. I will just mention one fair example of hundreds through which the man who kept in line of duty went. He marches through heat, dust, cold and mud; lay down; sat up on logs, rails, stumps, rocks, brush and anything to keep out of the snow, mud, slush, water and ice; worked day and night pulling cannon and wagons out of the mud, over mountains and across streams, doing all this often without sufficient food. They would fight the enemy for hours, then march all night to surprise them in the early morning, or keep their guns in hand all night, lest they be surprised. They were often sick, had blistered feet, no socks, and the weather was so cold that the blankets would freeze to the ground. Often they were called to get in line to go on double quick for a mile to save our forage train from capture. They often marched as high as forty miles a day, then went on a reconnoissance to locate the enemy, or other things in line of duty. Sometimes eight or ten days of continuous duty

in that way would be necessary to keep in safety with the army and trains, and to have a little to eat. No one, only those who went through three years of war in active service, can know what we suffered and endured.

In a running fight after we had routed and driven the Rebels from the top of Mission Ridge several of us, in our zeal and desire to get all the Rebels we could, kept on after the assembly had been given. I saw two Rebels about forty steps from me drop down behind a brush heap. I rushed forward and sprang beside the brush pile, put the muzzle of my gun to their breasts and ordered, "Drop those guns!" They obeyed my order, and I marched them back, turning them over as prisoners. It was easily done, but I took a big risk. The captain asked where I got them, and I replied that I found them behind a brush pile. One of the fellows replied, "Yes, if you had not been so D—— quick I would have killed you." I thanked him for being slow. If that had occurred in the late World War, I would have received a medal, but in the Civil war that kind of thing occurred so often we did not think anything about it. I have been proud to know that if all the soldiers of the Union army had been as lucky as I was the war would have been over months before it was, for there would have been no Rebels left to fight us.

One of my father's letters to me was as follows: "I have just heard the thrice happy and heart thrilling news that you are still in the land of the living, through the kind protecting care of our Heavenly Father. And in vain would it be for me to attempt to describe the anxiety, the trouble of mind, the depression of spirit and almost despair that has pervaded my mind and thoughts since I heard of the awful and terrific storm of battle you were in and went through for three days in succession, facing the leaden and iron hail, while your comrades were falling on your right and left and all around you, dead or wounded, especially when I heard that so many of your neighbor friends and schoolmates had been killed and others wounded. Neither could I describe the weight and despair that was removed off

my mind, and the buoyancy of spirit that immediately sprang up on hearing a letter read from your Captain to Mrs. Hegler, from which I learned certainly you were still living and but slightly wounded. He said Sergeant Todd lost two fingers on his right hand. I felt so elated and thankful to kind Providence for his protecting care over my young son, that I hardly know what to write. Oh, thank God, may his life be spared for usefulness here in a long life."

Another letter written to me by my father after the battle of Mission Ridge and Chattanooga, on December 17th, 1863, is as follows: "Dear Son:—The long-looked for letter, after weeks of great anxiety and trouble of mind, came to hand yesterday, and I saw Lieutenant Pierce who told me you were well and all right, except for a small wound across your right hand. When I received your letter of November 22nd, written before the great three days' battle, and your letter of November 26th, the day after the battle, a thrill of joy, gratitude and thankfulness rushed through my old afflicted heart to Almighty God for His kindness and protecting care over my brave, patriotic son and his brave companions, sons of my neighbors and friends. I glory in the thought that our brave soldiers have immortalized themselves in the eyes of the world. Before the battle of Mission Ridge, you said you were in good health, and hoped we are all well and will live long to enjoy the blessings of peace after this war is over. For my part I am happy and contented and feel that I am performing a duty I owe my God, my country, my friends and generations yet unborn. The fortunes of war are uncertain, as well as life with us all. I live in hope of living through this war, but if I should fall in battle I feel it not too great a sacrifice for our country. I go forward in duty, trusting Him who is too wise to err and too good to do wrong.

Lovingly, Clayton."

After seventy years of experience and reading history and noting the results of cause and effect, I am forced to believe that there is only one safe course to take for

profit and safety, and that is to prepare in an intelligent way for the worst that may happen to an individual or to a country, in all different things that may happen in life. A farmer, a preacher, a merchant, a lawyer, a teacher, a soldier or a policeman, to be victorious, must be prepared in order to be safe and powerful. Use kindness and love to accomplish the great things in life. Love is the greatest of all powers among men and women. Whether an individual or a nation, we can lead more easily than we can drive, and with so much better results. My experience has been the same in regard to good, religious people. They have done the greatest amount of good for all mankind in all ages and under all ages and under all conditions in life—in war or in peace. The greatest pleasures and happiness in this life are in faith and obedience and in doing the will of God, loving and serving Him, and keeping the Golden Rule. Our best soldiers were religious men, always found doing that which was for the best interest to the greatest number of mankind.

Old Glory, seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,  
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye  
And an aching to live for you always—or die,  
If dying we still keep you waving on high.  
And so by our love for you floating above  
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

And it spoke with a shake of the voice and it said  
By the driven snow-white and living blood-red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead,  
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod—  
My name is as old as the glory of God.  
I stand for Liberty, Justice, Righteousness and God,

## MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

*By Capt. B. F. Hegler*

This address, enjoyed and approved when delivered by my friend and comrade, Capt. B. F. Hegler, of Company A, 15th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, on May 30th, 1884, (Memorial day), is highly valued and appreciated. For nearly three years of war we marched, fought, slept, suffered, froze, thawed out, divided our rations as low as to one-half a cracker each, and when nothing to eat could be found drank dirty water to each other's health and safety, for very often we could not get clean water. I learned to love him—a brave soldier, a fine commander, an honorable gentleman. In going into battle, with a smile, he would say, "Now, it is to the grave or glory, gentlemen." He was a natural born soldier and fighter. It has been more than thirty-six years since he gave the citizens of Attica and surrounding country this beautiful speech. On every Memorial day since I have missed my friend and comrade, Hegler. I hope to meet him and all the dear comrades in that land Somewhere, where there is no such thing as war and separation. Capt. Hegler spoke as follows:

"This is a day of sorrow, and of pride—sorrow for the dead, pride in their deeds; a day of grief for the noble fallen, and gratitude for the grand work which they wrought.

"With a deep reverence befitting this solemn occasion, and an intelligent comprehension of what it teaches and suggests, we gather to honor the sacred dust, and garland with the choicest blooms of May, the grassy mounds where sleep, till resurrection morn, the grandest heroes this grand Nation has produced—the dead Union soldiers, who by their valor saved and made sure the experiment of self-government, and perpetuated Liberty.

"Since the fortunate termination of the unfortunate struggle which made these men immortal, this day has been faithfully observed, and its beautiful and impressive ceremonies performed. From hundred harbored Maine, whose wailing pines join in the funeral dirge today, to California's Golden Gate, the flag of the free is draped with the sombre symbol of woe. The weeds



of mourning shadow a mighty continent, and eyes all unused to tears are wet with the dews of sorrow. Un-numbered hosts are thronging to the soldier's grave to-day. The busy hum of trade is hushed. The fierce contention of party strife is stilled, and the rushing world stops for a brief time to give expression of sorrow and of honor.

"And is it too much? What did these silent men, whose once brave and bounding hearts are now but dust? What did these glorious manly lives, now so still, and dead to all the plaudits eloquence can give—all the thanks that gratitude can bestow? In the morning and prime of their hopeful, happy lives, they offered every hope, and promise and joy on the altar of patriotism. Homes, friends, ease, pleasure, fortunes, all the loves that make the best of life, were put aside for Liberty's grand service, and they went forth to battle, offering, last and greatest, their own lives in the sacred cause to which they were devoted—a cause fraught with the happiness and welfare of all the millions of today, and all the millions yet to be, not only in this land, but in all the lands yet to be knitted together in that greatest of all fraternities, the Brotherhood of man.

"Many men there are today, whose hearts and sympathies are in this cause; many women there are, mourning their dead as Rachel mourned for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not; and many of the later generation, with whom the awful experience we commemorate are only a tradition. But none of them know, nor ever can know, what these men did. Eloquence may attempt, but will not achieve its description. The old soldiers here, and they only, know how these dead heroes

'Did such deeds of valor strong,  
That neither history or song  
Can count them all.'

"The peril of battle, like the deeper experiences of human life, is beyond portrayal on canvas, or in song or story. But with him who has been an oft invited guest at the banquet of death, the recollections this day

evokes fills his soul with something of the old fire, and he feels again the trembling earth, as the grim batteries belch death and destruction. He sees again the rich life blood poured out so lavishly on sunny slope, and rugged steep, and fertil plain. He sees the glittering of the bayonet and the sword in the flash of battle. He sees the white faces of the dead, so ghastly and blood besprinkled, looking so cold and fixed, to the still stars of heaven, when night brings truce. He hears again the moan of pain, and the sharp cry of anguish; and the ringing shout of victory, as over the smoking fort, and trenches piled with the late contending hosts, floats the starry banner of the free, all blackened and tattered, all gashed and battle rent, but with every star of liberty shining undimmed from its folds. And he sees again that worse than battle, the prison pen, where no lion-like courage, no brave arm nor heart of steel, could withstand the surest of death's agents—starvation and disease. He sees the long and dusty march under a blazing sun, where the earth is iron and the sky is brass, and he lives in a dry land, where no water is; where all suffered as the rich man, looking afar off with a hope that only mocked them, and begging one drop to cool their parched tongues. He feels again the pinch of winter's frost, and remembers the long watches, the march through the dark and tangled fen, and over burning sands, and up the mountain height. The least of war is its battles. But the world sees best and hears best the noisy part of life.

“Since Satan despoiled Eden, and all the sins of man showered upon us their fruitful curses, there has been nothing worse than war. Only Liberty's defence can ever justify it. So we do not honor these men just because they were warriors, but because they were patriot warriors, and endured all this for Liberty. And right here, standing among the graves of my dead comrades, I want to speak, as a Union soldier, and record my solemn, earnest protest against the growing spirit of sickly sentimentality, misnamed forgiveness, which tends to the obliteration of a just and proper distinction between the soldier of patriotism and the sol-



dier of treason. There is a sentimental swash about the 'blue and gray,' which is utterly unworthy of the noble cause for which these men died. We read after every decoration day that the friends of the Union and Confederate armies have met here and there, and decorated the graves of their dead together. Now God knows, if none else does, that there is not now, and never has been, in my heart, one spark of bitter personal hate against our vanquished foes. They were, as a class, honest, brave and sincere. But they were wrong. They shared with us the glory of being Americans though they were for the time bad Americans. No soldier ever doubted their grand courage, their splendid fortitude in the face of disaster and discouragement that well might appal the stoutest heart. But this Decoration Day is to honor and keep in remembrance the Union soldier, the patriot who died for a free government, not the traitor, who fought for the destruction of the Union, and to disgrace and dishonor the Flag of his Fathers. This is plain talk for a graveyard, but it is time to speak. Surely, if we could be shot at for years for our country's sake we ought not now, in these piping times of peace, to be afraid to stand up and speak for the right. If the war for the Union was not right, then nothing was right. And if the war for the Union was right, then the war against the Union was wrong—criminally, cruelly, damnably wrong. And if this be so, why decorate the graves of the "blue and the gray" alike today? What significance is there in the tribute, if it be bestowed with impartial hand on the men who died for the right, and the men who slew them? But such talk isn't popular, says some weak-kneed brother, without conscience enough in him to have a conviction on any subject. No matter. The man who proclaims a truth should not stop to ask whether it places him in the majority or minority. If Decoration day were the occasion for a private and personal expression of sorrow and respect, then, divested of its public character, the 'blue and the gray' might be remembered together. And I know I can safely say for the Union soldiers in this audience, and else-

where, that none others would be more ready than they to forgive, freely and fully, and render due respect to all the gallant dead. And if any friend wishes today to visit the grave of one who gave his life to the lost cause, in the name of a free country, in the name of a Christian civilization which prays, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' let him or her do so, and let no man hinder and let such sorrow and sympathy be respected. But in the name of a free country, saved by the valor of the Union soldier, as respect this day, let it be sacredly dedicated to the memory of those for whom it was instituted. These are principles that are eternal. These are truths that are changeless. There are some things ever right, and others ever wrong. And whenever our people fail to discern the difference between the men who died for their country, and those who fought against it, then they will have become untrue to every patriotic tradition from Lexington to Appomattox, and unworthy the enjoyment of the liberties that have cost so much.

"There is no proper time or place for ambitious political display, or the elaboration of some pet theory of government. But it is a most proper time to learn a lesson from these grand lives, all hushed and still forever.

"If they could die for us, we can at least remember why they died. We can now and here renew our pledges for and rekindle our love for the cause for which they perished. Our promise as a Nation is great, but forgetfulness of the Union soldier and his work, begets the decay of patriotism, and marks us for destruction. A Nation's safety is, and can only be, in the hearts of her people. Let the fires of Liberty die within our bosoms and the chill of death is upon us.

"Then let our gratitude arise to heaven this day like a grateful incense. Let us carry this lesson home with us, and teach it to our children. Let us resolve for our dead patriots, that

"The fame of their endeavor,  
Time and change shall not dis sever  
From the Nation's heart forever.' "

## MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Delivered May 30, 1920, by the Writer of this Book :

Ladies, gentlemen and soldiers:—Please allow me to thank you on this Sabbath of Americanism, on this Memorial day, for your presence. It assures us old soldiers that fifty-six years after our struggles to save the Union the fires of patriotism are still burning in the hearts of our American citizens, as well as in the minds and hearts of the soldiers.

I see the affectionate good-by of our heroic mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts. I feel the loving press of the hand of neighbors and loved ones, as the car bell rings and we must part. I see again the grand heroic women of America rise up in their might and power and with choked emotion, in tears, say, "Go and save your country and its flag, and we will stand by you." All through that long struggle in the war they did not forget or forsake us, but nourished back to life the sick, bound up the mangled bodies of the wounded and comforted the dying. They also sent, in streams, loving epistles of cheer and courage to the men at the front, encouraging them and exciting them to greater action and greater sacrifice. And I see that only a few old ladies are left. I want to say for my comrades and myself, that as long as we live we will hold in love and affectionate remembrance what the women did for us. Their heroism, when surrounded by the enemy, proved them to be as true as any of the men. They would take the old flag and, with defiance, say, "Shoot this old body, if you will, but spare your country's flag." They are just as deserving of the floral tribute today as are we. We will never forget them. And with malice toward none, but charity for all, we meet in loving remembrance of those we love for their devoted service to others. Love, the greatest power on earth, is the foundation of our meeting here today. It is boundless. You cannot confine it. It goes out in gifts to others, those gifts comforting and blessing. And how fitting it is that we meet to tenderly cherish in love the memory of our heroic dead of the Civil war

and of the late World war, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom over a race in chains, and their deaths a tattoo of rebellious tyranny. We have with us on this day those who are in as loving remembrance of their comrades of the Spanish-American war, and the World war, as we are of our sacred dead. They are equally entitled to the flowery tribute which we lay on the grave of every man who served his country well in her hour of need. If other eyes grow dull, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it as long as the warmth of life remains in us. Here let us highly resolve that they shall not have died in vain. And here let us consecrate ourselves to the great duty of all true Americans, to so hold in sacred remembrance what they did that their heroic and noble service shall be continually remembered and cherished.

This day brings to mind duty as well as the loving memory which is to keep that which they have entrusted to our care—our country and its flag. At the close of the World war, and up to the present time, we find the wisdom of man has been a failure. It is clear to my mind, by the experiences of the past, that the arbitrament of war, and through the tests of rebuilding a life of peace, neither education, science, diplomacy, nor commercial prosperity, allied with a belief in material force as the ultimate power, are real foundations for the ordered development of the world's life. The spirit of good-will among men rests on spiritual forces; the hope of a brotherhood of humanity reposes on the deeper spiritual fact of the fatherhood of God. In recognition of the fact of that Fatherhood and of the divine purpose of the world, which are central to the message of Christianity, we shall discover the ultimate foundation for the reconstruction of an ordered and harmonious life for all men. The spiritual resources of the race are the true solvent of our problems. We must depend on the spiritual more than on the material for a lasting peace. The old soldiers living today fear for the safety of our country, for there is war in

our country this Memorial day. As we lay the flowers on the graves of the soldiers of the past, we see there is no peace. Neighbor is against neighbor. Greed, selfishness, hatred, malice, envy and profiteering is dividing our country. We are in a dangerous condition. We must cast off everything that is wrong and love our neighbor as ourself. Control yourself for the sake of the life of our country, keeping the Golden Rule as your guide, praying God to guide you in all things, so that the last resort—war and the slaughter of men, may be avoided. The war that is on us today is division—the same kind that preceded the Civil war of 1861-65. Then some wanted slavery, but the majority wanted all mankind to be free. That division was in the hearts of the people before 1861, and owing to the division our country could not stand. The war slaughter was the result. I was in seven battles of that struggle and slaughter, and in one of the seven I saw twenty-six thousand American dead and wounded scattered over the battlefield ten miles long and four miles wide. That kind of war we must prevent by stopping this war we are now in, which we can do by the greatest power, love, by all practicing the Golden Rule, by all laboring for the brotherhood of man, liberty and the enforcement of law and order. We must do this so we may keep that which they have entrusted to our care—our country, its flag and all it stands for. In the future as in the past, we should live under only one flag. It has come to us through great suffering, sacrifice and loss of thousands of lives and billions of treasures. My countrymen, how can we keep such a precious heritage? The people see many things today they would like to remedy in the condition of unrest, avarice, greed, selfishness, distrust, profiteering and other things. There is surely service enough for all men and all women. The highest thing is service and duty.

I am glad on this occasion to have the opportunity to say what I can in memory of that peerless army under Lincoln that saved our country and our flag of liberty and freedom, which we are all so proud to say on this

day is our flag. It still floats from the steeple and flaps at the mast, and today droops over our heroic dead. Let us more fully appreciate the rich inheritance bequeathed to us, and by vigilance and continuous duty prepare for war in times of peace. By education, in Sunday school, public schools, in patriotism, in military schools, in best citizenship, in the great world movement to convert the world to Christ, by sending thousands of missionaries to all parts of the world, to educate all the people in the love of Christ and the Golden Rule, the love of God and all mankind, the brotherhood of man, let us do everything in our power to prevent war. And while we are doing that, let us see that we have the tools at hand to use if we are forced to defend our just laws and country—such as the strongest navy, the best aviation force, the best equipped soldier citizenship, the best regular army of two hundred thousand men, all liberally paid and properly equipped with the best arms of all kinds. Let us insist that America must be a free country to do everything for the best interest of liberty and welfare of all mankind. We want no foreign dictation, no entangling alliances with any nation or nations of the world, and we want, in our way, to prevent war, giving all people a square deal. Our past acts with Cuba, the Philippines and those during the World war are proof enough of what we will do for righteousness and justice to all men. We want liberty for America first and for all time. We will continue to insist that all troubles shall be adjusted by counsel and arbitration, not by guns and slaughter of innocent men. We want a working covenant of peace between us and all nations, consistent with safety to our country. And we should so guard it that we can pass it on in its purity and radiance, with added glory, to those who follow us. I thank you.

C. H. T.

# 15th Indiana Volunteer Infantry

## OFFICERS

1. A. A. Rice, Captain, resigned, dead.
2. J. N. Coleman, 1st Lieut., resigned, dead.
3. J. Pearce, 2nd Lieut., resigned, dead.
4. D. Bright, 1st Sergt., advanced to Lieut., wounded, discharged, dead.
5. B. F. Hegler, Sergt., advanced to Capt., wounded, discharged, dead.
6. J. W. Budd, Sergt., returned to ranks, discharged Sept. 17, 1862, dead.
7. H. Barkdull, Sergt., returned to ranks, discharged in 1862, dead.
8. A. Pearce, Sergt., appointed 2nd Lieut. in 1863, dead.
9. B. G. Snider, Corp., died of disease at Louisville, Ky.
10. J. W. Hamilton, Corp., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
11. C. H. Todd, Corp., discharged June 25, 1864, living July 20, 1920.
12. M. S. Persing, Corp., deserted Feb. 5, 1862, dead.
13. John Seelig, Corp., reduced to ranks June 20, 1862, dead.
14. S. T. Stallard, Corp., appointed Serg., wounded, discharged in 1864, dead.
15. E. Crane, Corp., wounded, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
16. R. Kester, Corp., appointed Serg., killed in battle.
17. J. K. Prichard, musician, discharged in 1862, dead.
18. W. W. Meek, musician, discharged in 1862, dead.
19. W. H. Barnits, wagoner, reduced, wounded, discharged in 1863, dead.

## PRIVATEs

1. Allen, E., discharged June 27, 1862, dead.
2. Allen, Henry, wounded, died Dec. 31, 1862.
3. Andersen, S. S., died in W. Virginia in 1861.
4. Barlow, Ira B., discharged in 1864, dead.
5. Boyd, Lem, discharged Nov. 19, 1861, dead.



6. Board, Chris, wounded, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
7. Boord, J. J., killed in West Virginia in 1861.
8. Brown, W. R., discharged 1864, dead.
9. Brady, J. W., discharged in 1862, dead.
10. Brady, Joe V., discharged in 1862, dead.
11. Bengé, T. H., discharged in 1863, dead.
12. Broadsword, A., discharged in 1862, dead.
13. Butler, J. H., died of disease in Kentucky in 1862.
14. Bunce, J. W., discharged in 1862, dead.
15. Cassel, J. H., killed in battle of Mission Ridge in 1863.
16. Catlin, A. S., discharged in 1862, dead.
17. Conner, J. M., discharged in 1864, dead.
18. Crane, C. D., killed Nov. 25, 1863.
19. Curran, John, killed Dec. 31, 1862.
20. Day, Wes, killed Nov. 25, 1863.
21. Dithmer, F., transferred to 17th Indiana, dead.
22. Downey, James, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
23. Downey, Si, wounded, discharged July, 1863, dead.
24. Dunkleberger, H. J., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
25. Edenburg, Pete, discharged April 10, 1863, dead.
26. Erwin, Elza, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
27. Fitzpatrick, C. F., deserted May 25, 1862, dead.
28. Fremont, J. C., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
29. Furgeson, W. H. H., discharged July 10, 1862, dead.
30. Fisher, Henry, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
31. Greenburg, N. E., transferred to 17th Ind., dead.
32. Griffin, Mike, transferred to 17th Indiana, dead.
33. Green, A. J., transferred to 17th Ind., dead.
34. Hale, W. H., wounded twice, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
35. Hart, J. G., wounded once, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
36. Hegler, W. T., wounded Dec. 31, 1862, died in 1863.
37. Hogelan, Henry, killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
38. Keister, J. M., killed at Mission Ridge Nov. 25, 1863.
39. Leath, George H., wounded, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.



40. Leffler, Alf., wounded, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
41. Lonberger, H. H., discharged in 1862, killed in west.
42. McClafflin, C., discharged in 1864, dead.
43. McDonald, S., discharged in 1863, died.
44. McKnight, J. T., advanced to Lieut., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
45. McKnight, W. H., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
46. Miller, A., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
47. Miller, John, died of disease at Indianapolis in 1862.
48. Moore, Alonzo, died of disease in 1862.
49. Morris, S. T., killed at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863.
50. Maylan, John, died at Indianapolis in 1862.
51. Murry, William, died in 1863.
52. Mourse, Moses, died in 1862.
53. Odle, Miles, discharged June 25, 1864, died Nov. 21, 1919.
54. Paulding, Jacob, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
55. Parmer, W. E., killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.
56. Phifloon, James, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
57. Phipps, David, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
58. Phillips, J. H., discharged in Oct. 1863, dead.
59. Powers, D. F., discharged Sept., 1862, dead.
60. Pulleyblank, John, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
61. Pickard, J. M., discharged May 1862, dead.
62. Ralston, J. W., left the company in May, 1863, dead.
63. Rainey, R. W., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
64. Ruark, W. M., died Jan., 1862.
65. Seely, A. S., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
66. Search, W. H., discharged August, 1862, dead.
67. Shields, Andrew, discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
68. Shideler, G., transferred to U. S. cavalry Dec. 3, 1862, dead.
69. Smith, G. W., transferred to U. S. cavalry Dec. 3, 1862, dead.
70. Snow, Francis N., transferred to U. S. cavalry Dec. 3, 1862, dead.
71. Stafford, H. H., discharged in Dec. 1863, dead.
72. Steadman, J. C., discharged in Dec. 1863, dead.
73. Stewart, S., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.

74. Swords, Jo. discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
75. Stauffer, S. H., died at Nashville April 1, 1862.
76. Stevens, Clay. discharged in June. 1863, dead.
77. Thompson, S., discharged June 25, 1864, dead.
78. Treadwell, I., killed at Mission Ridge Nov. 25, 1863.
79. Warren, D. G., transferred to V. R. C. Jan., 1864, dead.
80. Wert, John, transferred to V. R. C. in Jan., 1864, dead.
81. Woods, John, transferred to V. R. C. in Jan., 1864, dead.
82. Williams, J. W., killed at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862.

### RECRUITS TO COMPANY A, AUGUST 10, 1862.

1. Campbell, Thomas P., transferred to 17th Indiana, living in California July 20, 1920.
2. Campbell, Jonathan, died in Tennessee Jan 16, 1863.
3. Crane, Lewis C., wounded at Stone River, V. R. C., Aug. 1, 1863, dead.
4. Day, Joseph H., transferred to 17th Indiana Vol., dead.
5. Gibbs, Johathan, died in Tennessee March, 1863.
6. White, James A. L., killed at Mission Ridge Nov. 25, 1863.
7. Gunter, C. C., died in Tennessee June, 1863.
8. Harbert, Isaac, transferred to 17th Ind. June, 1864, dead.
9. Pearson, T., transferred to 17th Ind. in June, 1864, dead.
10. Purple, E., died in Kentucky in Jan. 1864.

Company A, The Attica Guards, on June 14, 1861, numbered _____	101 men.
Recruits in 1862 _____	10 men.
Total number men in company _____	111 men.
There were killed in battle _____	14
Died from disease or accident _____	11
Discharged on account of disability or disease ____	43
Transferred to other organizations _____	10
Discharged June 25, 1864 _____	33

They were under the enemy's fire in battle fifty-two times, and were in the following battles: Rich Mountain, Virginia, Tigert Valley, Virginia and Battle Greenbrier, West Virginia; Shiloh, Tenn.; Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.; Corinth, Miss.; Perrysville, Ky.; Stone River, Tenn.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mission Ridge, Tenn; Knoxville, Tenn.; and in forty-two other engagements. They marched on foot over four thousand miles and traveled by boat and cars twenty-five hundred miles.

There were all-told in the 15th Indiana.....	1125
Killed in battle.....	111
Wounded in action.....	332
Discharged on account of disability, wounds or disease .....	525
Died from disease.....	55
Transferred to other regiments.....	96
Discharged June 25, 1864.....	336

Company A lost 63 per cent of her men and the regiment lost 62 per cent of hers.

# DEATHS IN CO. A, 15TH INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

From June 14, 1861, to June 24, 1864, inclusive.

NAMES	RANK	WHERE	CAUSE
Joseph H. Board	private	West Virginia	shot
Samuel S. Anderson	corporal	West Virginia	disease
William M. Ruark	private	Kentucky	disease
Byren G. Snider	corporal	Kentucky	disease
Samuel H. Stauffer	private	Tennessee	disease
Joseph H. Butler	private	Kentucky	disease
Richard Kester	sergeant	Stone River	shot
William E. Lormer	corporal	Stone River	shot
James Williams	private	Stone River	shot
Henry Hogeland	private	Stone River	shot
John Curron	private	Stone River	shot
Jonathan C. Campbell	private	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	shot
Wesley Day	corporal	Mission Ridge	disease
Corlton D. Crane	private	Mission Ridge	shot
James A. L. White	private	Mission Ridge	shot
John H. Capel	corporal	Mission Ridge	shot
Samuel T. Morris	private	Chattanooga, Tenn.	shot
Isaiah Treadwell	private	Chattanooga, Tenn.	shot
James M. Keister	private	Chattanooga, Tenn.	shot
John Moylan	private	Chattanooga, Tenn.	shot
William T. Hegler	private	Indiana	sickness
Jonathan Gibbs	private	Indiana	shot
C. Sunter	private	Tennessee	disease
E. Purple	private	Tennessee	disease
H. Stafford	private	Kentucky	disease
		Tennessee	disease

## The Little Bronze Button

It is just a little button  
    Made from cannon of the foe,  
Captured on the field of battle  
    By men whose names we know:  
Cannon trained upon Old Glory  
    The emblem of the free,  
Defended by the boys in blue  
    Upon the land and sea.

It is just a little button  
    Worn upon a Comrade's breast,  
But it tells a thrilling story  
    Of one who stood the test  
Under our starry banner  
    In that long and bitter fight,  
With Sherman. Grant and Farragut,  
    For Union and for right.

It is just a little button,  
    Quite simple, yet sublime.  
But it wakens recollections  
    Of that well remembered time:—  
They left their wives and sweethearts  
    Weeping at the door,  
And responded to the summons  
    For a hundred thousand more.

It is just a little button,  
    But no valiant knight of old  
Ever wore upon his bosom  
    Made of precious gems, or gold,  
A badge of greater value  
    Than this simple little stud,  
Worn by veteran volunteers  
    And purchased with their blood.

It is just a little button,  
And carved upon its face  
As well as on their memory  
That time cannot deface,  
Is the emblem of Protection,  
To helpless child or wife,  
Left by a fallen Comrade,  
In the world of care and strife.

It is just a little button,  
But I needn't ask you why  
The banker in his broadcloth  
Salutes in passing by.  
Though the coat be old and seedy,  
With other signs of wear,  
It never will be noticed  
If it has the button there.

Poets write of decorations,  
By Emperors and Kings,  
Of gold and iron crosses  
Legion of Honor and signet rings.  
But among such recognitions  
Of response to duties call  
The little copper BUTTON  
Is the one that ranks them all.

The writer, who did not miss a single campaign or engagement with the enemy and who was twice wounded during the three years he took part in the Civil war, visited the old battlefields thirty years after the close of the war. The lightning flash of memory, penetrating the clouds of over thirty years, brought before me the slaughter of war on Virginia's bloody streams, on Shiloh's bloody field, on Stone River's bloody banks, on Mission Ridge's bloody drenched heights, on Perrysville's peaceful hills, valleys and rich mountain slopes—and brought before me the sick, the dying and the dead

As I went over and viewed the old battlefields, I was inspired to write the following poem:—

## THE COMFORTING JOY IN OLD AGE

I tell you, friends, those days there was wild music in  
the air,

So awful wild, it was enough to raise a feller's hair—  
A sort of double chorus, with the singers face to face—  
The muskets singing tenor, and the cannons singing  
bass.

I have gone over the same ground on which we were  
fighting there,  
And felt a thrill start at my feet and run up to my  
hair.

I lay down on the very spot, as near as I could tell;  
I went on working my old gun in that hot, fiery hell.

Around the battle field there seemed a tumult in my  
brain.

My thoughts were with those bloody days again.  
I heard the cannon roar defiance from their throats,  
The ring of desperate anger in their wild unearthly  
notes.

The shells a'bustin' all around, and screaming overhead.  
I see the upturned faces of my comrades lying dead.  
Again I smell the battle smoke, the breath of battle hell,  
Arising from a fire it seemed no earthly power could  
quell.

And I heard the groans of wounded boys that all around  
us lay,

Their faces set in agony as their life-blood ebbed  
away.  
Again I heard the rebel yell resounding in my ears,  
When they came charging on our triumphant cheers.

Then I see the gray lint waiver in confusion, then retreat—

A failure they were not anxious to repeat.

And today my thoughts awaken scenes that unfold

The newly wakened memories that shine as burnished gold.

Again I hear the fifes and drums begin to play

“The Girl I left Behind Me”, as my thoughts wing away.

Dear comrades, we are near the journey’s end, hand in hand.

Let us do a little more service as we go to the promised land.

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### Onward, Christian Soldiers

Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before;

Christ the Royal Master

Leads against the foe;

Forward into battle,

See, His banners go.



## My Country 'Tis Of Thee

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the pilgrims' pride!  
From ev'ry mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## The Joy Just Before Last Roll Call

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee.  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows.  
The solemn hush of nature newly born.  
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;  
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings are shading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning  
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee.  
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

In taking a retrospective view of what I have written, my life seems to have been a wonderfully miraculous one—in war and in peace. As I recall what I have seen and experienced, I am forced to believe my Creator has been with me and directed and protected me all through the eighty years of my life—years full of toil, joys, suffering and rich reward—a life worth living. My sacrifices have not been equal to my joys, and as I near life's journey my chief joy is service to God and country. In youth I enjoyed to the full its bloom, its love and fruitage, and joys. War came and the burdens and responsibilities of life's duties—labor, sacrifice, toil and suffering. I have tried to do my part in defense of right and liberty. Peace came. I thank God for it. I plunged into its activities; I fought its battles; I gathered its fruits as I passed its various ways. Some were bitter, but most of them were sweet. My pleasures have been greater than my sorrows. My Heavenly Father chose to give me a loving wife in 1867 (Miss Belle Spinning), and when death separated us in 1885, he again chose and gave me in 1887 a loving companion who has blessed me with a good home, a loving home and the necessary comforts of this life. Surely goodness and mercy have been with me all my life. And in conclusion I would insist that all Americans work for America, make it powerful and strong by universal preparation for the worst that can come to our country. To the young people of our country I say, "Choose the good part that cannot be taken from you. Bear life's burdens like men. Love God and your country." I only regret that I did so little in life's duties.

THE END

C. H. TODD, Sergeant Co. A, 15 Indiana.



## A BOOK—THREE YEARS AND THREE MONTHS A SOLDIER

Many of my comrades and friends have asked me many times to write a narrative of my experience and what I saw during three years of the Civil War as a soldier. As none of my regiment has written any history of the part we performed, I decided to write a short history without exaggerations concerning life in war. And at the age of 79 years, amid the infirmities of age I have written the story. I hope it will prove interesting to my comrades and all others with whom I have been associated since these thrilling scenes were enacted. I have published a limited number of these booklets at my own expense, and all revenue from their sale will be given to the building fund of the new Methodist Episcopal Church of Attica, Indiana. As the expense of printing is very high I am asking my friends to pay one dollar per copy to the treasurer of the M. E. Church, Attica.

Dear Friend,—I am sending you one of my books which I hope will interest you; a private soldier's experience in over three years of Civil war in America, showing what the rank and file of an army has to endure and go through. We are rebuilding our M. E. Church in Attica and have a Soldiers' Building fund. We are asking soldiers and friends of soldiers to assist us in raising funds to pay for it, what you contribute will go on the Soldier fund, and you will be credited on same. Our new church, when completed, will be fireproof, and one of the finest in Indiana, a blessing to our city, surrounding country and to generations of children yet unborn. It is the young people we want to educate in everything that makes them better citizens and lovers of home, church, and country. Please send direct to Treasurer M. E. Church, Attica, Indiana.

In behalf of the church and all interested, I thank you,

C. H. TODD.

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### C. H. TODD WRITES HISTORY

C. H. Todd, a civil war veteran of this city, has just finished the publication of a 56 page book, which gives a history of the part taken by Company A, 15th Indiana Volunteer Infantry in the civil war of which he was a member. Mr. Todd served for three years and three months as a member of this company, and saw and took part in some of the greatest battles of that war. Mr. Todd gives a very graphic description of the maneuvers in those great battles, and being told by one who was on the ground the story is told with an earnestness that gives it a realism, and the reader sees before him the movements of these great armies with the tragedies that follow in their wake. It is a very interesting book for any one to possess and especially any one who had a relative in the civil war. Mr. Todd published this book at his own expense and he has given the copies to the M. E. church to be sold at \$1 each, the proceeds to go to the new church building fund.—Fountain-Warren Democrat.

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